The Evening World.

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NOW THE BOMB INDUSTRY.

BEYOND question the District Attorney's office and the police are entitled to point with pride to the roundup they have made of gangsters and crime contractors.

The report of the District Attorney's office for the first half of the present year lays special stress on the fact that, during this period, for the first time a determined campaign has routed the gangs by arresting and convicting their leaders. The confessions of "Dopey Benny" and "Joe the Greaser" opened up many dark corners of organized crime.

It is too soon to say that the gangs are wiped out. But with the jailing of notorious characters, such as "Owney Madden" of west side fame, "Nigger Benny," "Skush Thomas," "Izzy" Presser, "Jew Murphy," Tony Deliss and "Augie the Wop," some of the worst forces of gangdom are removed.

Most hopeful sign of all, associates and followers of these crime captains have been in many cases persuaded to turn their hands to honest work—proving that the gang with difficulty survives the chief.

The city heartily commends efforts which have shown that the gangsters can be grappled with and driven out of business.

Now march on the dynamiters and the allied bomb industry. Danger from this quarter is more than ever menacing.

WHAT KIND OF A CENSUS?

EVERY resident of New York City should make sure that he has been counted in the State census, urges the Merchants' Association.

It might astonish some residents to know how they have been counted and as what. The enumerators of this census were an easy going lot. In some instances not only had they no experience but they could not even spell. An Evening World reader tells of a census man who, when informed that a young woman was by profession a mathematician, hesitated and then wrote "operator," remarking that it was easier to write and didn't matter.

In other cases enumerators were content to get their information as to individuals and families from other tenants in the same building, thereby saving themselves the trouble of a return call. In one case, where no member of the family happened to be at home, the census taker filled his blanks entirely from such half information and surmise as the housemaid could supply.

It costs about half a million dollars to take the State census. The value of the result depends upon care and accuracy—which in turn depend upon trained, conscientious work. No directory publisher would waste wages on some of the men the State has paid to collect census data.

NOT SO SAFE.

MORE than twice as many accidents in the city last Fourth of July as on the same day in 1914!

The Health Department's report of the facts makes "safe and sane" sound somewhat hollow. Most of the wounds were caused by blank cartridges—which seems to indicate that gunpowder still has a strong hold on the day we celebrate.

Is it possible that the failure of the city to provide as many distractions in the shape of pageants, parades, fireworks, illuminations, etc., had something to do with the increase of casualties? On the Fourth young and old demand lively excitement of some sort. It is usually safer to provide it for them than to leave them to produce it for themselves.

It may be significant that in 1914, when New York spent twice as much money to help citizens celebrate the Fourth of July, there were only half as many accidents among them.

ON TIME.

EVERYBODY old enough to "remember back" even a dozen years or so can testify to the improvement the railroads have made in running trains on time.

Figures published by the Public Service Commission are interesting. Of 67,080 passenger trains running on the railroads of this State last month, 93 per cent. departed and arrived according to schedule. In this city, a terminal, people waited an average of nineteen minutes for each late train. But through the State the average delay on each run was only one and one-half minutes. The New York, Westchester and Boston Railroad managed to achieve in June a record of 99 per cent.

The joke about the chronic irregularity of trains used to be a staple. In these parts, at least, it has ceased to circulate. For which give modern railroading its due.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

A man who gets a reputation for being a "live wire" may be only a sputterer.

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The earth is supposed to be gradually, though almost imperceptibly, slowing down on its axis. But the people of the earth are speeding up.—Omaha Bee.

* * *

When a man is "lit up," his mind is darkened.

The man who does what his wife expects him to do must lead a monotonous kind of life.

* * *

About the heaviest work some men do is to lift their voices.—Nashville Banner.

* * *

The old-fashioned man who used to "set his son an example" now has also a daughter who is teaching father to tango.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Letters From the People

To Safeguard Pedestrians.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Only a few weeks ago The Evening World published the story of a boy who had been run down by a street car and killed and his body carried on the wheelguard for a long distance before it was known that he had been struck by the car. The story as published in The Evening World added: "The police tried to find some one able to explain the accident, but could not. The boy's father had gone to the police to report his disappearance and was sent to look at the body." Dozens of persons are killed in New York every year and hundreds are more or less seriously injured from lack of a proper safety fender on the street cars. In spite of the awful accident record a Commissioner not long ago reported that in his opinion the present wheelguard on the cars is a sufficient safety device. The wheelguard used in New York City was, I believe, designed primarily to prevent street car victims from being crushed by the wheels of the car. By its very construction and method of operation, and especially by reason of its location far back of the front end of the car, that seems to be all it can do at best. It does not prevent a person from being struck by the solid front or bumper of the car or from having his skull crushed by striking the pavement when he is thus knocked down.

JOSEPH W.

The German Scales!

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By J. H. Cassel

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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MR AND MRS. JARR sat together at eventide. The clamor from the street below came through the open windows. Mr. Jarr was smoking at his ease, the lace curtains (noted absorbents of tobacco smoke, as all good housewives know) being down for the summer.

No sound broke the internal calm in the Jarr domicile save the occasional crash from the kitchen, far removed, as Gertrude, the servant, broke another dish for supper.

Mr. Jarr seemed to be enjoying himself. Mrs. Jarr regarded him closely. He was smoking contemplatively, hence she concluded it was his cigar and not her presence that was contributing to his happiness.

"Edward," she said sharply, "did it ever occur to you that you must waste a good deal of money smoking?"

"It isn't wasted," said Mr. Jarr calmly.

"But I say it is," said Mrs. Jarr. "When it is burned down to a stump it is gone and so is the money you paid for it."

"And when a meal's eaten it's gone, too. And so is the money that paid for it," quietly remarked Mr. Jarr.

"Well," rejoined his wife, "you can live without smoking, but you can't live without eating."

"Yes, I can live without smoking," said Mr. Jarr, slowly, "but life isn't worth the living."

"You won't smoke the cigars I buy you," said Mrs. Jarr.

"Cigars are a matter of personal taste," remarked Mr. Jarr. "I would rather have one of the kind I like than a whole box that you pay 98 cents for."

"What do you pay for your cigars?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"Five cents apiece," said Mr. Jarr glibly. He said it glibly because it wasn't true. When he smoked a cigar it was a ten-center.

"Five cents apiece!" cried Mrs. Jarr, "and I can get a whole box—I did get a whole box of fifty—for ninety-eight cents! If you smoke four a day that's twenty cents, $1.40 a week and—and a whole lot of money a year!" (For mental arithmetic wasn't Mrs. Jarr's strongest point.) "I'm going to take a pencil and add it up," continued she. "I feel sure that it would be enough in a year to buy a new rug for the dining room or make the payments on the piano or get a new set of dinner dishes."

"Yes, it's sad to think of me sitting here smoking a set of dishes and a dining room rug, to say nothing of a piano," said Mr. Jarr. "But I tried stopping smoking once, and you know it."

"And you were much better off."

"Now, look here," said Mr. Jarr; "suppose I was smoking twice as many cigars as I am now, when I stopped. That came to, roughly speaking, a hundred and seventy dollars a year. I stopped for three months, didn't I?"

"Yes; and there was no living with you. You were as cross as a bear all the time," remarked Mrs. Jarr.

"Very well, then," said Mr. Jarr. "What was done with that forty-two dollars and fifty cents that was saved? Did you get a rug with it or a new set of dishes or pay anything on the piano with that forty-two dollars and fifty cents, specifically?"

"I don't know that I did," faltered Mrs. Jarr.

"Then say no more. How can we save when we don't save?" said Mr. Jarr.

"Because we didn't save—that's the answer," replied Mrs. Jarr. "We spent the money on something else. Now you stop smoking right now and for the $1.40 you will save this week you can take me to a roof garden."

Mr. Jarr agreed to this. But when they went to the roof garden and after they had their supper Mrs. Jarr asked him why he didn't smoke and be comfortable.

Mr. Jarr Is Going to Save a Fortune By Stopping Smoking—When He Stops

Moonlight Madness

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

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ARE you going on your vacation, and are you well fortified against moonlight madness? It is a matter to be considered.

For it has a way of getting you in its firm grasp. Everybody looks forward to vacation, to the good time when romance is rampant. But there are precipices. And the vacationist, suddenly thrust into sunlight and air and fields and seas, sometimes does not look before he leaps.

I am speaking of the leap into so-called love. How many marriages are made as the result of a two weeks' stay at the summer resort or the secluded country cannot be estimated. Many, many of them find their way to the divorce courts later.

And why? Because people have been under the glamour of forest glade and silver stream and mazy dance.

They have forgotten the serious things. They went to get away from them, of course. Therefore it is unwise to jump into a serious thing without considerable forethought; for it is serious.

Given a lovely moon, a pretty girl, a soft voice, and all is forgotten save the moments of madness. The trick is done. The man proposes, she accepts. Life looms up luminous to them. They forget that they have to go back home again, with all its problems that are a thing apart from the pleasure-seeking period.

He cannot know how she will meet them, nor can she know how he will wear under different circumstances.

She has not seen him on a Saturday evening after a hard week's work, when his boss has been particularly overbearing; and he does not know what her attitude will be if she wants anything very, very much and can't get it.

He looks very attractive in his white flannel suit, but will you love him as much in his well-worn business outfit? Will you bear with him in time of trouble as in helping him to row a boat?

It is all very well to fall in love and march bravely into matrimony after a two weeks' jaunt of joy, but the wise ones will recognize the enchantment of moon madness and carry the cloak of good sense for protection. It is very necessary these midsummer times.

They will also look about and realize that there is a great big sun in the sky whose rays you cannot escape if you would see things as they really are. Run to your good fun, your recreation, your romance, your sentiment; but don't let them run away with you. Allow reason to wander with you. You can keep her in the background, but bring her forward when the moonbeams play too merrily.

Learn something about each other after you are away from it all. In a word, let Cupid aim as you as he will, but ask him to be patient while you find out if he has sent the right arrow to the right person.

Let love dawn in the moonlight, but remember that Old Sol is on the job.

Jungle Tales for Children.

"LET'S go fishing," said the Baby Baboon to Jimmy one afternoon as they came from the woods.

"Very well," said Jimmy, as he ran off to his house for his fishing tackle, while the Baby went after his.

Soon they were seated on the bank of the big river, fishing.

Pretty soon the Baby Baboon got a bite and up came a fish on the end of his line.

Jimmy's mouth dropped.

They kept on fishing and then the Baby Baboon got another bite and up came Mister Fish number two.

"I don't like this fishing," said Jimmy.

"What's the matter?" asked his companion.

"I don't know," said Jimmy. "I guess the worm on my line is tired."

And then they went home, but the Baby Baboon could not help laughing at what Jimmy had said.

So Wags the World

By Clarence L. Cullen

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WE Move to Expunge: "Crux of the situation," "Gravamen of the case."

One thing only justifies the wearing of white socks or stockings with black shoes, and that is a ceaseless ambition to change.

As between the woman who loves the cherry at the bottom of the glass and the one who can fabricate a proper cherry pie, what man would waste a moment in choosing?

It's remarkable how het-up and hostile about Christian Science—both pro and con—some folks can get when they don't know anything whatever about it.

We're just trifling and foolish enough to read any old short-story writers' stuff except the one who just can't keep from using the words "banal" and "bizarre."

Our Idea of an Inexplicable Incongruity is a Pair of Dirty White Shoes on the Feet of a Pretty Woman.

The other evening, when we didn't feel in the least like laboring, we lugged a fat woman through three miles of water in a rowboat, because it furnished us with our first chance to exhibit our $3.85 silk shirt with the green and purple stripes. Up to that time the world had seen only the ends of the turned-back cuffs of that wonderful shirt.

The most Brobdingnagian Busybody on earth is the fellow who, in the midst of a striking scene, says, superiorly, to everybody: "Don't get excited."

Nobody has yet informed us what great, carking care is cankering the bosoms of the young fellers who (if you're sufficiently humble and wait long enough) serve out stuff at the soda fountains. The summer is pretty well along, and the soda fountain young fellers seem sullener and sulkier than when the season opened; and they appeared to hate everybody even then.

What's become of the smilingly flirty, old-fashioned girl who used to set our pulses to throbbing like a sawmill engine by "tapping our cheek lightly with her fan?"

Suburban Impressions: Beauteous, expensively-lingeried young things swinging in hammocks in the side yards, while their perspiring mothers, with wisps of moist hair clinging to their necks, are in the kitchen washing the dinner dishes.

It's odd how blissfully unconscious a pretty woman on a lawn bench can appear to be of the fact that she is sitting just a little too cross-leggedly, when she knows that her shoes and stockings are perfection.

Reflections of A Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

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FUNNY how a man who will "lie like a gentleman" on any other subject under the sun will suddenly develop a George Washington conscience and the caution of a lawyer when it comes to saying "I love you."

Wives, like milk, are apt to get sour when left too long on the kitchen shelf.

A mother loves best her most helpless child; and a man adores most the kind of woman who "depends" upon him for everything from her food to the buttoning of her gloves and the checking of her trunk.

When a man tells a girl that she is "too good for him," somehow it always gives him a shock to discover that she thinks so too.

The woman who doesn't "understand" a man has been his pet excuse for slipping from grace ever since Eve didn't "understand" that Adam didn't WANT the apple when she FORCED it on him.

Beware of the man with a "pose." The biggest men, like the biggest print, are always simple and easy to read.

Pouf! If I were a man and wanted to kiss a woman, I should at least pay her the compliment of telling her that I loved her, whether I did or not—just in order to get the real flavor of the kiss.

Why should a husband and wife be bored in these days, when they can always begin by quarrelling as to who started the war, and finish by quarrelling as to who started the quarrel?

There is just about as much weight to a man's "Never again!" as there is in a woman's "Never before!"

Things You Should Know

What Is Hay Fever?

THE name "hay fever" is slightly misleading, for though it may happen that hay fever victims are uncomfortable in June the suffering is much more acute later in the year—through August and September.

Hay fever seems to be a peculiar individual and personal disorder, limited to definite and distinct periods of the year, from June through September, and is caused by the irritating effect on the over sensitive nerves of the nasal passage of some persons, of the pollen from any one of half a dozen summer plants, such as meadow grass, ragweed, golden rod and some of the wild aster family.

The irritating principle is without doubt in the pollen, though examination of hay fever victims often discloses certain nasal abnormalities which require attention. However, some peculiar inborn oversensibility to some external influences is the underlying fact in hay fever.

Why do doctors know less about this infectious disease than about the others, is a very natural question.

The reason is that, though hay fever is most annoying, it is never fatal, and, consequently, doctors are not able to study the attendant conditions by means of post mortem examinations, as in other more serious infections.

Though not fatal, the suffering is intense while it lasts, manifesting itself as it does by violent sneezings and wheezings and running at both nose and eyes. Often relief is found in a change of location—going to the sea from inland, from the valley to the mountains, and particularly favorable to the disorder are the pine wood regions. Doctors can help hay fever sufferers by antiseptic spraying and by cauterizing. Many of the hay fever cures are merely drugs in some form, which only deaden the sensitiveness of the nasal nerves. True to the spirit of the age, curative antitoxins are being produced for hay fever. Several different ones are known already. As it is, of course, unlikely that any single antitoxin would cure more than from one-half to one-third of all cases.

to one-third of all cases, different forms of antitoxin against as many kinds of the pollen must be developed before all may hope to find relief.

My Wife's Husband

By Dale Drummond

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CHAPTER LXVII.

AS the days passed I tried to get nearer to Jane, but always there was that impenetrable wall of reserve through which I could not break. I took her out more often, accepted many invitations so that I might be with her; planned short automobile trips, &c., but I gained nothing. It was too late. I had had my chance for happiness and had allowed it to slip away from me.

Jane at this time often appeared distrait, ill at ease. She would start nervously if I spoke suddenly to her, showing plainly that her mind was on something in which I had no share; her thoughts far from me.

Miss Reese's mother had been taken suddenly ill, and she had been sent for. That, perhaps unconsciously, added to my wretched condition. I had always hated detail, and now I had all the little daily annoyances of the office.

When Jane and John left for the lake I had fully determined to go with them. In fact, I intended to spend most of the summer with Jane. But Miss Reese's absence, a serious operation upon a very wealthy and prominent man, who absolutely refused to trust a surgeon I recommended, kept me in the city.

John wrote soon after they arrived that Mr. Hemming was there with his new motor boat.

"It's a peach, dad. You better come up. Mr. Hemming takes mother and me out nearly every day. We are having a bully time since he came."

"I was uneasy at once. Like all people who cannot swim, I had a great dread of accidents on the water. I wrote Jane immediately, cautioning her to be careful, but saying nothing unkind of Hemming. Hereafter, when I could not ignore the man, I would try to speak of him as I would of any other acquaintance. Perhaps Jane would recognize my effort, and it might soften her.

When I reached the lake I was so exhausted I could scarcely move. It had been very hot, the operation a trying one. Miss Reese had remained away much longer than I had expected. All I wanted to do was to sit on the balcony and rest. Foolishly I gave way to my feelings in the matter, objecting when Jane asked me to go with some gay party; annoyed when she refused to remain with me.

"Just why you expect me to devote myself to you while the others are sailing, picnicking and having a good time, I can't understand," Jane remarked one day. "You are not ill, and so I see no reason for remaining with you."

In spite of my good resolutions I found myself often speaking disparagingly of Lucius Hemming; of the part he played in all the affairs Jane attended.

One day a sail in his motor boat was planned. I felt better, more rested, and when John urged me before them all to go along, I consented. We had been out only a little while when a terrific storm came up. It became black as night; the rain fell in sheets. I could see that Hemming was uneasy. He and his captain talked together in low, anxious tones. Finally, as the boat careened badly, he gave us all life belts, and assisted in fastening them on his guests. His face was very pale, and I heard him say to Jane as he helped her fasten the belt:

"Does the doctor swim?"

"No," she answered in a quiet voice.

"If anything happens, don't be afraid. I'll take care of you, darling." The last word was very low, but I heard it distinctly.

Turning to me, he continued:

"You and John keep together, doctor. I don't believe there is much cause for alarm, but John is a strong swimmer, and could assist you. I will take care of Mrs. Butterworth."

A fire seemed to be scorching my brain. I forgot all fear, all anxiety. I scarcely heard the thunder as peal after peal followed with scarce an intermission. All I heard was that word 'darling.' All I saw was the love in Hemming's face as he had bent over Jane, reassuring her.

For twenty minutes, which seemed a lifetime, we sat scarcely speaking, waiting for we knew not what. Then, as suddenly as it had come up, the wild storm died down. The rain stopped. The sun came out.

"Nothing but a squall, after all," Hemming said briskly, as he helped unfasten the belts he had so short a time before adjusted.

"Some squall!" John rejoined boyishly. His face still a little pale.

All had some comment to make save Jane. One of the ladies turned to her and asked:

"Weren't you at all afraid, Mrs. Butterworth? I was scared almost to death! I felt like screaming all the time."

"So did I!" commented another; but Jane told them she had felt no fear—and I believed her.

"Well, all's well that ends well," Hemming quoted sententiously. "Shall we go on, or are you all so upset that you would rather go back, and postpone our sail to another day?"

"Let's go on, by all means!" one gay little woman answered.

"What do you say, doctor?" Hemming turned to me.

"I side with the majority," I replied, not looking at Hemming, but plainly hearing his voice as he had called Jane "darling" when he thought she was in danger.

(To Be Continued.)